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## JAN THE HAWKER.

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky,  
 All dull and glazed as a dead man's eye;  
 The clouds in the north are ailing and low,  
 Bulging and bursting with ominous snow;  
 The world looks numb, and the air is chill,  
 As Jan the hawker comes over the hill.

Tall and strong and lusty he is;  
 Lits in his limbs as a sapling tree;  
 No better man in the country round,  
 In wrestling ring or on foot-ball ground;  
 No fatter foot, or no stronger hand,  
 Nor a kinder heart is in all the land.

Jan is clad in his best array,  
 His face is bright and his eyes are gay,  
 And the cocker spawls that dog his heel  
 A sense of holiday seem to feel;  
 And each to attract his attention tries,  
 As they look in his face with their great brown eyes.

A quatol old gauntlet gloves his hand,  
 Coriously lacerated in seam and band;  
 And there with jesses and silver bell  
 Is sitting the Merlin he loves so well,  
 Pinning each feather that sits awry,  
 And rigging the world with his lustrous eye.

The villagers smile as Jan goes by,  
 And the maidens follow with envious eye;  
 For well do they know what Jan is bound—  
 Over thirty long and broad ground,  
 Over the moorland far and round,  
 'Til up to the hills where the cold winds blow.

"The just a twelvemonth, lacking a day,  
 Since Jan was plighted to Bessie Gray,  
 And once a month, in shine or storm,  
 His trodges across to his father's farm;  
 While the girls of the village they pout and sneer,  
 And think that he might have looked more queer."

Cutting and cold the north winds blow;  
 Heavily, heavily falls the snow;  
 Night and day, and day and night,  
 Felling and drifting silent and white;  
 Choking the highway and thickening the air,  
 All drowning the landmarks every where.

And so till Sunday the storm keeps on;  
 The buried country lies veiled and brown;  
 The rusties leave for added time to church,  
 And gossiping stand in the old stone porch;  
 When they hear a shout and a murmurous din,  
 And Bessie's father comes staggering in.

"Jan is lost in the snow!" he cries,  
 With a terrible fear in his haggard eyes;  
 Last night at my door I heard a moan,  
 And there stood the lad's three days alone;  
 Thin and famished with hunger and thirst,  
 And howling as if his hearts would burst."

He scarce has finished ere fifty men  
 Are speeding over the snow again;  
 Over the moorland and up in the hill,  
 Where the drifts are lying quiet and still,  
 Shouting and whistling and calling loud,  
 But with never a trace of the missing man.

White, all white, so white and cold,  
 Whiteness covering foot and fold!  
 Every outline is smooth and fair:  
 A breathless hush in the drowsy air;  
 Earth is so quiet that none might know  
 Of the terrible secret beneath the snow!

Old Farmer Gray comes tottering on;  
 Hope and strength are well-nigh gone,  
 He shouts and shouts through the dreary sky;  
 He stops and listens—but no reply!  
 And then he thinks of Bessie at home,  
 Waiting for him who never will come!

Hark! Is that the scream of a hawk?  
 The farmer stops in his weary walk;  
 Again and again! His ear is sure,  
 So he whistles the falcon to the lure;  
 And he hears the scream, and the silver bell,  
 The bell of the Merlin he loves so well.

Calling, shouting, and whistling still,  
 He dashes lustily up the hill;  
 Till, lo! from the midst of a long white rift,  
 He sees one gashed hand uplifted;  
 And on't the Merlin with fervent lure;  
 Tearing the flesh that it loved so well.

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky,  
 As dull and glazed as the dead man's eye.  
 Heavily hangs the lusty length  
 Of Jao, the model of manly strength;  
 And he hears the heart of Farmer Gray  
 As he moans with his daughter that sorrowful day.

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

## COTTON SUPPLY.

OUR Revolution has created a cotton panic in Europe. Merchants and statesmen foresee contingencies which may interfere with the production of cotton in this country; and they are peering round eagerly in search of new cotton fields. India, Australia, the Mediterranean shores, Africa, the West Indies, Central America, and Brazil are summoned loudly to supply the anticipated deficit in the cotton product from the United States. The British Government has directed its consuls to devote special attention to the subject of cotton culture; and large sums of money have been subscribed by millers and factors for the development of the plant in various localities. A glance at figures

may perhaps shed some light upon the prospects of the new movement.

Europe derives its cotton supply from five sources—the United States, Brazil, the West Indies, the East India, and Egypt. The consumption was the year 1860 the following:

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| From the United States | 3,645,000 bales. |
| From Brazil            | 105,000 "        |
| From the West Indies   | 45,000 "         |
| From the East India    | 575,000 "        |
| From Egypt             | 258,000 "        |
| Total                  | 4,633,000 "      |

If we look back a few years we shall find that the proportion of cotton varied materially. Counting by thousands of bales, the cotton supply of Europe has been as follows for the past seven years:

|                | 1854 | 1855 | 1856 | 1857 | 1858 | 1859 | 1860 | 1861 |
|----------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| From the U. S. | 2543 | 2553 | 2603 | 2923 | 2773 | 3030 | 3030 | 3645 |
| From Brazil    | 138  | 165  | 195  | 190  | 138  | 108  | 108  | 105  |
| From West I.   | 31   | 31   | 31   | 31   | 38   | 34   | 34   | 45   |
| From East I.   | 935  | 935  | 473  | 738  | 460  | 514  | 514  | 575  |
| From Egypt     | 165  | 194  | 191  | 190  | 167  | 140  | 163  | 258  |
| Total          | 3000 | 3139 | 3060 | 3501 | 3555 | 3850 | 3850 | 4633 |

It will thus be perceived that there has been an perceptible increase in the cotton supply from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt during the past seven years, the supply from the United States and from the East Indies has increased fifty per cent.

The price has generally been governed by the condition of the crops in this country. When it became known in Europe that the supply from the United States in 1857 would be short, the price rose, in October of that year, to 9½d. a pound at Liverpool; it fell last year, on the advice of a very handsome crop, to 5½d. in July.

From the fact that strenuous efforts have been made for many years to increase the production of Egypt, the West Indies, and Brazil, while the above table shows that they yield more now than they did in 1854, it may be inferred that they have reached their maximum product, and that no exertions of the European cotton-eaters can extract from them more cotton than they now export.

The question whether Europe can obtain cotton from countries outside of the United States turns upon the capabilities of the British dominions in India, and upon the development of the plant in new regions.

As to British India. In 1857, it is shown above that British India exported 738,000 bales; the bale being, however, as we suppose, of 220 pounds only, the total product was not quite equal to 369,000 American bales. Can this product be increased eight or ten fold? On the face of it, such a development seems impossible.

Still, it is as well to look things in the face, and it must be admitted that there are reasons for expecting a very large increase of cotton supply from India. Since 1857 that country has passed out of the hands of the East India Company. The obstacles which that corporation systematically threw in the way of industrial enterprise have now removed. Englishmen and English companies may now grow cotton in any part of India with the approval of the Government—a thing which was impossible under the Company's regime. It is reasonable to suppose, on the one hand, that the new Government of India will offer every encouragement to the cotton culture, and, on the other, that the Englishmen and English companies, aroused by the revolution in our Southern States, will stimulate them to offer liberal encouragement to the growth of Indian cotton. Labor is cheaper in India than in our Southern States; every variety of climate can be found; and there is no scarcity in the progress of skill and machinery.

Under ordinary circumstances, the proximity of our cotton-fields to the work-shops of Europe would have afforded them an insuperable advantage over Indian rivals; but if politics are to disturb our agriculture and our commerce, who can foresee the result?

It is argued by European political economists that a very large section of the world's surface is adapted to the growth of cotton; that it is not indigenous to the Slave States of this country; that it may be produced even to better advantage elsewhere. For instance:

Dr. Livingston, who has been in the cotton grows wild throughout the regions of Central Africa which he has explored, and that the establishment of friendly commercial relations would lead to the cultivation of the plant on an extended scale for export. This region lies on rivers whose month is on the eastern shore of Africa.

Cotton is already freely grown for export in the region through which the Niger flows, in Western Africa. One port—Aboketta—is said to have increased its cotton export from half a bale in 1850 to 2000 bales in 1860. Can the supply from this source be increased?

The Emperor of the French has had careful surveys made of Algeria, with a view to the development of its capacity as a cotton-growing region. It is reported in the Paris journals that the Emperor has proved that Algeria can grow all the cotton needed for the consumption of the French mills.

Mr. E. G. Squier, the well-known Central American traveler, publishes a statement to the effect that Honduras is admirably adapted for

the growth of cotton; that the plant, which is annual on our sea-islands, is perennial there, and reaches a growth unknown to our latitude.

Finally, writers in European journals predict a speedy development of cotton culture on shores of the Mediterranean which have never grown a pound of the staple, but which are said to be adapted to its production; and other writers, alluding to the enormous production of cotton in China, affirm that if attention were directed to the subject, an ample supply could be obtained from thence.

These are the principal countries to which Europeans are looking for a supply of cotton—in view of a probable failure of the supply from the United States.

It may be remarked that to produce cotton equal to our Slave States, not only climate, but labor, is required. The product of our Slave States could be doubled if they had twice as many negroes to work the cotton fields. And it will serve the European spinners but little to discover soil and climate suited to the growth of cotton, if they can not likewise find laborers to cultivate the plant. This deficiency will at once prove fatal to the proposed culture of cotton in Australia, for instance, which does not contain laborers; and in the West Indies, where cotton might have been grown to any extent if labor had been forthcoming.

Whether the free negroes of Africa, in the regions watered by the Zambesi and the Niger, will consent to work sedulously for whole seasons, in order to develop fairly the capabilities of the soil to produce cotton, is one of those problems which can only be solved by experience. Dr. Livingston and the agents of certain Cotton Supply Associations seem to be sanguine that they will; the experience of Jamaica is on the side of the negative.

It is understood that the Emperor of the French proposes to procure labor from China. Contracts are said to have been made by agents in large numbers of coolie laborers for Algeria. A similar policy has been pursued by Great Britain for some time past; Trinidad, and other West India Islands, are supplied with coolie labor, and their crops are raised almost entirely by coolies. A system of coolie emigration from Hindostan and China by sea, if established on a permanent basis, might be set to the amount of labor which could be so obtained. China is said to contain 400,000,000, and Hindostan 150,000,000 inhabitants. Under energetic management, half a million laborers could be conveyed annually from these countries to new cotton fields; and in ten years Algeria might contain three or four millions of coolie cotton-producers.

The attempts which have been so often made by Europe to emancipate itself from dependence on this country for cotton have, hitherto, invariably failed. It is well, however, that our success and our good fortune in the past should be the Englishmen of the proceedings which are being had to debar the Great Cotton in the future.

## STAY LAWS.

We trust that our Southern friends will believe this has not a proper purpose in view if they direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay laws which are now being enacted in certain Southern States. Such measures are calculated to do far more injury to the people of the States which enact them than to the creditors who they defend of their just claims. They postpone the compulsory collection of debts till New-Year 1862; similar measures are pending before the Legislatures of Alabama and South Carolina, and have been broached in Mississippi and Louisiana.

According to the Constitution of the United States (Art. I, Sec. 10, No. 1), "no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts." Under this section it is probable that the Supreme Court would decree the invalidity of State stay laws. If, however, it should be urged either, on the one hand, that a postponement of writs of execution does not impair the original value of the contracts, or, on the other, that States which have succeeded are no longer bound by the Constitution of the United States, it would nevertheless remain obvious that the practical effect of stay laws must be detrimental to the communities which enact them.

For credit is the life and soul of trade, enterprise, and material prosperity, and any law impairing or postponing the just claims of creditors are necessarily fatal to credit.

For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been promptly met. The New York City merchants from the East or West. For instance, it has been estimated that the South owes the North at present from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Southern men have been considered here as good under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied upon in any transaction. It is not without reason that we hear of Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners. The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm conviction

that under an circumstances would they seek to evade payment of their debts. Is this faith, it is true, to be demolished now by the passage of stay laws?

We warn our Southern friends against the perils of the path into which some of their leaders are hurrying them. Their wealth and prosperity and expansion are in a large measure the fruit of the credit they have enjoyed. Credit is very sensitive, it should not, for their own sake, subject theirs to any rude ordeals.

## THE LOUNGER.

GOING HOME!

FIGURE on nine years ago a jolly company set forth one morning from New York upon a railroad excursion. There were Mr. Fillmore, the President of the United States; and Mr. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; and Mr. Graham, Secretary of the Navy; and other gentlemen of the cabinet. There were Senator Seward of New York, and Senator Douglas of Illinois, and other Senators and representatives of the people. All the politicians and public men of the country were there, and a crowd of authors, artists, men of leisure, and merchants. The hilarious company departed at early morning from the foot of Duane Street in a capacious and "splendid" steamer, and speedily made their way to the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina. There a crowd of the neighbors received them, and they entered the new and nice cars upon the broad gauge Erie road. The impatient locomotive, gay and excited with pretty flags, whistles, and shrieks, and at length moved forward, and away went the jolly company into the heart of the hills.

The country left its work that day and came to look at the long train of the "locomotive" train upon the Erie Railroad, that it might feast its eyes upon the promise and prophecy of things to come. Presidents, statesmen, artists, authors, merchants, were only so many samples of the commodities and ingredients of the great show, the opening of the road. The lovely valleys of the Susquehanna and the Delaware would be no longer but belles. The tier of towns along the southern part of the State would be iron on the track, and spirit into cities as the engine felt the swing of its shoulder and rises a knight. The subject valleys of the Chemung, the Genesee, and the rest, should start with the thrill of new life; and above all, the great stream of the Western travel be tapped at Dunkirk and turned into the coffers of the triumphant road.

The night was passed at Elmira. You remember, I dare say, how great and scribbled late in our little room, writing the day's history while it was fresh, and how the hundreds of less fortunate friends, not members of the fourth estate, stretched their weary lengths upon sofas, and chairs, and benches. There were two new hotels for the city of Elmira that was to be a metropolis to-morrow. They were very comfortable and very fine; but they swarmed with guests; and absolute happiness must have reigned in the hearts of all the hosts. It was not to-night that we were to rest, but who would lose a minute of the festival?

In the morning the journey was resumed. At every station there were shouts for some of the great men. The President was handsomely escorted. The Secretary of State showed his dark, imposing front and stared at the crowd with his deep, mournful eyes. Sometimes he spoke a few words, standing upon the platform; and the senators spoke a great many words, and the crowd of the great men, and the words in twain. There was a waving of hats, a gust of hurrahs, hushed suddenly by distance, and then visits to the "saloon," which was administered with the utmost liberality.

Next day the great journey along the route unravelled itself for admiration, more lovely and wild as the train went West. At length it was all forest, and suddenly from one point, looking for many a mile over a descending surface of tree tops, that seemed as solid and as smooth as a vast shaven lawn, the eager travelers beheld a glittering line along the horizon, and shouted for Lake Erie. Then, like fiery steeds impelled to drink, rushed the cars toward the great water, and in the afternoon of the second day rolled into Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overtook with members the astonished little town. They landed in haste, and where ever a horse was a spot could be found; and the next day they parted. Some returned by the lake and Buffalo, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road. At sunset of the day they arrived in Dunkirk. Webster spoke from the train, and the next day, the last time I saw or heard him. His swarthy, grann, melancholy face is not to be forgotten. By its side, over his shoulder, you could see the sun setting, and seeing that, you neither heard nor cared to hear what the west wind was saying.

And so the great Erie Railroad was inaugurated. Its cost had been enormous. Yes; but what of that? It shortened travel to the West, it opened up a country new and grand, it was a rich region, it wound through the finest farmland country in the State; it was a stupendous enterprise, worthy the American people, worthy the imperial State of New York, etc., etc. You will see it is all said in the reported eloquent speeches delivered upon the occasion from car platforms and the front steps of hotels. So it was triumphantly inaugurated, after many millions had been paid to build it. Many a man, however, who had been there, and some actually, others only politically. The great hotels where we passed the nights in revelry, they are there—"though fallen, great." Little Dunkirk is dropping its head, and its great day, and dreams upon the shore of her one event. The rich farming country, the fine landscape, the happy valleys, you may see them whenever you choose









\* A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]





THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMNER—INTERIOR.

## FORT SUMNER.

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON'S command, to illustrate FORT SUMNER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLEMAN which has just been placed in position as a mortar, and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMNER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMNER explains:

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"The Weekly of January 26 quotes the *Herald* in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLEMAN throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerymen know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (3828 yards) and 5500—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of life, and brightened it

so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divert myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead to the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sinicies, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of much great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd faller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round; the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed caution, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you thought?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve months—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—" "Oh! they do very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"They are out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use my little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—it's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waving its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a half-fellow-well-and-kind-of-way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his eyes and window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fireplace, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my garret in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them, I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respect- fully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had









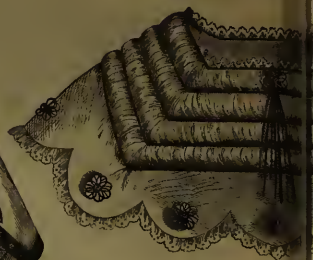




Woolen Hood.

Zouave Jacket (Back).

Italian Coll





Zouave Jacket (Front).

Hood of Red Flannel.







## "BRING ME A LIGHT!"

### A GHOST STORY.

My name is Thomas Whimmore, and when I was a young man I went to spend a college vacation with a gentleman in Westernland. He had known my father's family, and had been appointed the trustee of a small estate left me by my great-aunt, Lady Jane Whimmore. At the time I speak of I was one-and-twenty, and he was anxious to give up the property into my hands. I accepted his invitation to "come down to the old place and look about me." When I arrived at the nearest point to the said "old place," to which the Carlisle coach would carry me, I and my portmanteau were put into a little cart, which was the only wheeled thing I could get at the little wayside inn.

After we had journeyed a few miles, my driver, a tall, strong, old man, glancing sharply at me, inquired, "Is ye t'master, or is ye no?"

"I am, sir." "My name is Whimmore."

"Master Tom?"

"The same. Do you know any thing about me and my old house?"

"Deed do I. You're the heir of 'ould Laddy, Mr. Erle is your guardian, and farms your land."

"I know so much, myself," I replied. "I want you to tell me who lives in Whimmore Hall now; surely there is somebody, some old woman or other, who lives in the old house and sits the rooms?"

"Deed there is. But it's nobbut ghosts and deevil's spaw of that sort."

"I am surprised, Mr. Thimmore, to hear a man like you talk such nonsense."

"What like man do ye happen know that I am, Master Whimmore? They'll talk nonsense (and I'm no galsynawing what a learned colliker like you can tell about nonsense), yet it's just the things I have heard and seen myself! I am speaking of—"

"What have you heard and seen at Whimmore Hall?"

"What a body hears and sees to Whimmore, 'twixt sunset and moonlight; and sees to Whimmore, 'twixt times and oft, when I lived there farming-man to 'ould Laddy Jane—what I'm not curious to see again, now. So get on, Timothy," he added to the horse, "or we may chance to come in for a fright."

"Is that the house, yonder, on the right?" I asked.

"There's naither house, good nor bad, to be seen from this," he replied; but I observed that he did not turn his head in the direction I had indicated. He kept a look-out straight between the trees of the gray building which we were approaching. Just as we entered the shadow cast by the trees of the shrubbery our horses started, and sprang several yards from the inclosure.

"Now for it! I have no time to tarry for running away, and bringing us late," muttered Ralph Thimmore, grasping the reins and standing up to get a better hold of the horse. Timothy now stood still, and to my surprise he was trembling in every limb, and shaking with terror.

"Something has frightened the beast," said I. "I shall just go and see what it was," and was about to jump down, when I felt Ralph Thimmore's great hand on my arm: it was a powerful grip.

"For the love of God, lad, stay where ye are!" he said, in a frightened whisper, "it's just here that my brother met his death, for doing what you want to do now."

"What! For walking up to that fence and seeing what frighten'd a skittish horse?" And I looked at the fence anxiously. There was nothing to be seen but a straggling bush of an elder-bush which had forced its way through a clink in the rotten wood and was waving in the wind.

Finding that the man was really frightened as

his right hand, and looked at me. I gave another glance toward the innocent elder-bush—but what was my astonishment to see where it had been, or seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand, and an amazed witness of his state of mind. When he had said "Amn," he opened his eyes, and looking down at the sword, who seemed to have recovered, as I judged by his putting it up to his forehead, and then he gave a low whistle, and tightening the reins once more, Timothy allowed himself to be driven forward. Thimmore kept his face away from the inclosure on the right hand, and I saw that a purk was not intended for the figure I had seen.

"Stop, Thimmore!" I cried. "There is somebody there. I see a man with a sword. Look! Turn back, and I'll soon see what he is doing there."

"No! Never turn back to meet the devil, when ye have once got past him!" And Thimmore drove on rapidly.

"But he may overtake you," I cried, laughing. But as I looked back I saw that a purk was not intended for the figure I had seen.

"I'll pay a visit to that devil to-morrow," I added. "I shall not harbor such game in my preserves."

"The safe, don't talk like that, Master Whimmore!" whispered Thimmore. "We're just going to the gate! Maybe they may strike Timothy dead!"

"They? Who? Not the ghosts, surely?" I looked through the great gate as we passed, and saw the whole front of the house. "Why, Mr. Thimmore, you said no one lived in the old Hall! Look! There are lights in the windows."

"Ay! ay! I thought you would see them," he said, in a terrified whisper, without turning his head.

"Why, look at them yourself!" cried I, pointing to the house.

"God forbid!" he exclaimed, and he gave Timothy a stroke with the whip that sent him flying past the rest of the garden of the Hall. Our ground rose again, and in a few minutes a good view of the place was obtained. I looked back at it with vivid interest. No one lived in the old house, now, moving thing; the black windows contrasted with the gray walls, and the gray chimneys with the black clouds, as when the place first came into my hands. Timothy allowed Timothy the bill on our left. Thimmore allowed Timothy the bill on our left. Thimmore allowed Timothy the bill on our left.

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tion about it? Tricks of this kind are not uncommon."

"At the risk of seeming foolish in your eyes, I must try that I believe no human beings now living have any hand in the operations which go on in Whimmore Hall." Mr. Erle looked perfectly grave as he said this.

"I saw a man, with a sword in his hand, start from a part of the fence. I think he frightened our horse."

"I too, have seen the figure you speak of. But I do not think it is a living man. Ten years ago I myself was a new resident in this county, and wishing to improve your property, I determined to occupy the old Hall myself. I had it prepared for my family. No mechanic would work about the place after sunset. However, I brought all my servants from a distance, and took care that they should have no intercourse with any neighbor for the first three days. On the third evening they all came in, and among them must have been the next morning—all but Grace's nurse, who had been her mother's attendant, and was attached to the family. She told me that she did think it safe for the child to remain another night, and that I must give her permission to take her away."

"What did you do?" said I.

"I asked for some account of the things that had frightened them. Of course I heard some old and exaggerated tales; but the main phenomena related were what I myself had seen and heard, and which I was as fully determined as they were not to see and hear again, or to let my child have a chance of encountering. I told them so, calmly, and at the same time, that it was my belief God's providence or punishment was at work in that old house, as every where else in creation, and not the devil's mischievous tricks. Once more I repeated the same words for secret devices and means for producing the sights and sounds which so many had heard and seen, but without any discovery; and before sunset that afternoon the Hall was cleared of all human occupants, and so it has remained to this day."

"Will you tell me the things you saw and heard?"

"Nay, you had better see and hear them for yourself. We have plenty of time before sunset. I will show you over the whole house, and if your courage holds good, I will leave you there to pass an hour or so between sunset and moonrise. You can come back here when you like; and if you are in a condition to hear, and care to hear, the story which people your old Hall with horrors, I will tell it you."

"Thank you," said I. "Will you lend me a gun and pistols to assist me in my investigation?"

"Surely." And taking down the weapons I had pointed out, he began to examine them.

"You want them loaded?"

"Certainly, and with bullets. I am not going to play."

Mr. Erle loaded both gun and pistols. I put the latter into my pocket, and we left the room by the window. Grace Erle met us on the moor, riding a chaggy pony.

"Where are you going, so near dinner time?" she asked.

"Mr. Whimmore is going to look at the old Hall." "And his gun?" she asked, smiling.

"She looked as if she were about to say something eagerly, but checked herself, and rode slowly away. I looked after her, and wondered what she was going to say. Perhaps she wished to prevent me from going."

Presently we stood before the great gate of Whimmore. Mr. Erle took two keys from his pocket. With one he unlocked the gate, with the other the chief door. There were no other fastenings. These were very rusty, and were moved with difficulty.

"People don't get in this way," said I. "That is clear."

The garden was a sad wilderness, and grass grew on the broad steps which led up to the door. As soon as we had crossed the threshold I felt the influence of that desolate dwelling creep over my spirits. There was a cold stagnation in the air, a dead stillness, a murky light in the old rooms that was indescribably depressing. All the lower windows had their pierced shutters fastened, and convulsed and dust adorned them plentifully.

"I could have sworn I saw lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:

"Yes. It was in this very room you saw a light, I dare say. This is one in which I have seen lights several times. But I do not wish to spoil my dinner by seeing any thing supernatural now. We will leave it, and I will hasten to the lady's bed-chamber and dressing-room, where the apparitions and noises are most numerous."

"He followed him, but cast a glance round the room before I shut the door carefully. It was partly furnished like a library, but on one side was a bed, and beside it an easy-chair. "What else is given to this room? It looks ominous of some evil deed," I said.

"It is called 'ould Squire's Murder Room' by the people who know the story connected with it. Ah! I said; "then I may look for a ghost there?"

"You will perhaps see one, or more, if you stay long enough," said Mr. Erle, with the utmost composure. After showing me some other rooms, he added: "Most of the rooms are good enough for a gentleman's household. The rooms I have shown

you, and the passages and staircase which lead from one to the other, are the only portions of the house in which you are subjected to annoyance. I have slept in both the rooms, and advise no one else to do so."

"You had had dreams?" I asked, with an involuntary smile, as I took my gun from the hall-table, where I had laid it.

"As you please," said Mr. Erle, smiling also. I stretched out my hand to him when we stood at the gate together.

"Good-night!" said I. "I think I shall sleep in one of those rooms, and return to you in the morning."

Mr. Erle shook his head. "You will be back at my house within three hours, Tom Whimmore; so, no return."

He strode away over the moor. His fine figure appeared almost gigantic as it moved between me and the setting sun.

"That does not look like a man who should be a prey to weak superstition, any more than good Ralph Thimmore, who drove home alone willingly enough past this same gate and fence at nine o'clock last night! The wretched hour, it seems, is just after the figure of a young and strong man of an hour of that now," I continued, thinking silently.

"There will be time enough for me to explore the garden a little before I return to the house and wait for my evening's entertainment."

I walked through the shrubbery and lingered on the grass-grown steps to look at the last rays of the sun, reddening the heather on the distant fell. As I leaned on a gun enjoying the prelude of a fine day, far from all sounds of village, or wood, or sea, stillness that seemed to deepen and deepen into unearthly intensity—the charm was broken by a human voice speaking near me—the tone was hollow and full of agony—

"Bring me a light! Bring me a light!" it cried. It was like a sick or dying man. The voice came from the room next to me on the right hand of the Hall. I rushed into the house and to the door of that room; it was the first which Mr. Erle had shown me, and which I had seen during the day—it now stood wide open; and there was a sound of hurrying footsteps within.

"Who is there?" I shouted. No answer came. But there came by me, as it were, in the very doorway, the figure of a young and strong man at a glance, very beautiful woman.

When she moved onward I could not choose but follow, trembling with an indefinable fear, yet borne on a great rise from a desire, by the fact of the stairs she turned on me again, and I could see that she was a woman of an upraised arm, whose green jewels flashed in the gloom. I followed her quickly, but I could not overtake her. My limbs—I am not ashamed to say—were all weak and aching, yet I could not turn back from following that fair form. Onward she led me—up the stairs and through the gallery to the door of the lady's chamber. There she passed a moment, and again turned, her bewitching face, radiant with smiles, upon me before she disappeared within the dark doorway. I followed into the room, and saw her stand before the antique toilet and arrange in her bosom a spray of roses; then she kissed her hand to me and glided to the narrow door, and I saw her enter the little room above. Then came a loud laughing voice—the voice of a woman accustomed to command. It sounded from the little room above, and it could not be the voice of that fair girl, I felt sure. It said:

"Bring me a light! Bring me a light!" I slurred at the sound; I knew not why, but I stood there still. I then saw the figure of an old female servant rise from a chair by one of the windows. She approached the toilet, and there her light two tapers, with her breath, it seemed.

"Bring me a light!" was repeated in an angry tone from the upper room.

The old woman came rapidly to the stairs. Thimmore followed in obedience to a sign from her; and mounting to the top, saw into the room.

That beautiful girl stood in the centre, with her costly lace gown sweeping the floor, and her bright jewels flashing in the moonlight. She turned toward me, but I could see her innocent, sweet face in the great glass. What a lovely, happy face it was!

Behind her stood another lady, taller, and more majestic. She pretended to curse her, but her proud eyes, unseen by the young lady, brightened with triumphant malice. They danced gliding in the light of the taper which she took from the maid. "God be good! can a woman look so wicked?" I thought.

"Watch her!" whispered a voice in my ear—a voice that stirred my hair.

I did watch her. Would to God I could forget that I saw her! She was very tall, and slender, and her hair was dark, and she was dressed in the light of the taper which she took from the maid. "God be good! can a woman look so wicked?" I thought.

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# A Valentine Romance of ye olden time



An Innkeeper's Haue is smitten with love



As it behoveth he falleth in  
reveries thereupon



He conceiveth of a Valentine



runneth off to a Scrivener



Ye Scrivener



to whom ye Haue dictated a Valentine.



Until deth fait full & my merke

Ye Valentine



He seeketh ye first opportunity  
to deliver ye valentine.



meeteth with Discouragements



other discouragements



He succeedeth in delivering it  
to ye Fair



Ye fair not being skilled in reading goeth to  
ye Scrivener who interpreteth it (for her)



An Open Courtship is ye result



is followed by Marriages



and Happiness





GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

## GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

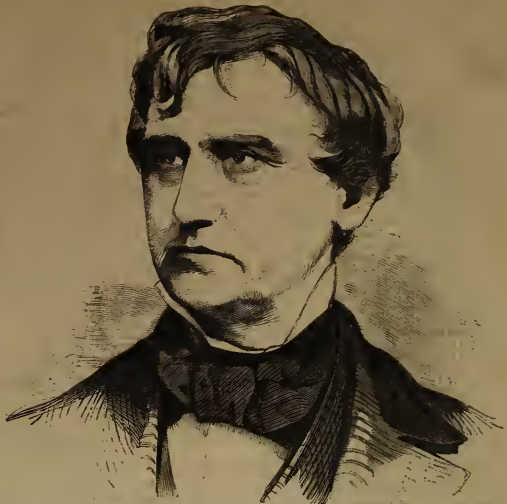
We know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of partisan feeling in his State, he has so far averted civil war, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if politic councils prevail, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

Thomas Holliday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education now so freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years, when he was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a handsome majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man

ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1838 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis he was again elected to the Legislature. This was the exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, by refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register



HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was reappointed to that office, and served six years. In the mean while he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made elective. Subsequently, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself, and was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party strength in his county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1851—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election

at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

In person he is about the medium height, thick-set, with iron-gray hair and side-whiskers, and a countenance and mien indicative of the utmost firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in reference to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the sobriquet of "Old Caesar."

Although now the object of severe abuse among his political opponents, on account of his conservative position, he is cordially indorsed by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to laud him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

## JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.

The distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Brookridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he managed, by great industry and energy, to obtain a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardonia, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the practice of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-32. In 1837, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; and in that body he made a speech that gave him a widespread reputation through-



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FLOWER GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.



"At last I reached the river, but of the bridge the only trace was a single beam, which, deeply buried in the bank at one extremity, rose and fell in the surging flood, like the arm of a drowning swimmer. The stream had completely filled









**THE CRIPPLED AMERICAN EAGLE, THE COCK, AND THE LION.**  
**LION.** "Why, Brother Jonathan, you don't look so fierce as you used. How about the MONROE DOCTRINE now?"  
**COCK.** "Yes, my good Jonatan, what you tink of PRIVATEERING under de present circumstance?"



**JEREMIAH.** "Is dat 'Hail Columbus! happy Lan!' yon's playin', 'Sephus?"  
**JOSEPHUS.** "Yes; dat's de chewn."  
**JEREMIAH.** "Well, Marster say dat chewn done dead."  
**JOSEPHUS.** "He do? Well, ef dat chewn dead, I jes' as well break my Banjo and gib up, 'cause dat's de prettiest chewn I plays. Dat chewn's soo pretty to die!"

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As Major — and Captain — of the Light Follies were Skating with the Lovely and Accomplished EMILY D. — and HARRIET V. — their feelings suddenly gave way. They Broke the Ice, and we hear they have not yet been extricated from their perilous situation!



**ON THE PARK.** — SKATE PROPRIETOR TO SPECTATOR WITH WOODEN LEG. "AVE a pair on, Sir? Ax yer Pardin, Sir—didn't twig yer Misfortin. I've a hodd'n' you can have, Sir!"



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